

CAPernaUM
AND
OTHER POEMS

19

W. SAUMAREZ SMITH



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CAPERNAUM

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

WILLIAM SAUMAREZ SMITH, D.D., D.C.L.

LATE ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY

PRIMATE OF AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA

FORMERLY FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

AND PRINCIPAL OF ST. AIDAN'S COLLEGE, BIRKENHEAD

EDITED BY HIS SISTERS

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MEMOIR

THE Author of "Capernaum and Other Poems" was one who, naturally reserved, could yet voice his thoughts and greetings in verse to his family and friends. The shorter pieces in the present volume have been selected from a large number of such occasional poems, most of which were written with no thought of publication. Much more of interest might have been added but for the loss of his MS. books, and other possessions, in the S.S. "Waratah," which disappeared so mysteriously in the summer of 1909 near the Cape.

William Saumarez Smith and his twin sister were born in 1836 at St. Helier's, Jersey. He was the eldest son of Richard Snowdon Smith (son of Joseph Smith, of Shortgrove, Essex, who was Pitt's private secretary), and his mother was Anne (daughter of James Robin, of Petit Ménage, Jersey). His father at that time was a Lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, but eventually took Holy Orders, and spent most of his long life in unwearying work at Brighton.

When quite a child, Willie, as he was always called, decided to become a clergyman, and in accordance with his steadfast character, he never changed his mind.

He passed from Mr. Malden's School at Brighton to Marlborough College under Dr. Wilkinson and Dr. Cotton. In writing about the son to the father, Dr. Cotton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, always referred to the excellent conduct and high principles shown by him, and when promoting him to be head Prefect of the School, said, "He is just as simple and natural as when I first knew him."

From Marlborough he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and distinguished himself by taking a First Class in Classics and Theology, and amongst other prizes he twice gained the Seatonian Prize for a Sacred Poem.

He was ordained Deacon in 1859 and Priest in 1860 at Ely, and that same year became Fellow of Trinity. Soon after, he went out to India as Chaplain to the Bishop of Madras, Dr. Gell. This increased his love for missionary work, which he never failed to help by word and deed whenever he had the opportunity.

After his return from India, he became Vicar of Trumpington, near Cambridge, and in 1869 by the wish of Dean Howson, of Chester, and Dr. Lightfoot, afterwards Bishop of Durham, he undertook the Principalship of St. Aidan's Theological College, Birkenhead, which had been closed. Here his patience and earnestness conquered many difficulties. The College was soon filled with students, a mortgage of £10,000 paid off, and a chapel built.

To quote the words of an old student, "There were

certain elements in his character, kindness, cheerfulness, and an unfailing tolerance towards our mental immaturities, which compelled loyalty and devotion to his person. With his high spirits and buoyancy of temperament, there was mingled a certain stern Puritanism which was manifested in a strict discipline. These strongly contrasted elements in his character were the secret of his success as the Head of a Theological College. He was once described as a 'big' man—big not only physically, but 'big' mentally, and, above all, 'big' spiritually. There was no littleness in his composition, and he was so great of heart that he failed to see the 'littleness' of others. His enthusiasm, coupled with his simple faith, gave him power and authority over the hearts and minds of his students. He convinced us all of his sincerity and of his devotion to his Lord."

After twenty years the call came to Sydney, New South Wales, and on St. John the Baptist's Day, 1890, he was consecrated Bishop of Sydney, which also included the Primacy of Australia and Tasmania. The title of Archbishop was conferred in 1897.

Ten days before his consecration, his beloved wife, *née* Florence Deedes, died, leaving him with eight children. Sorrowing, yet as always going straight on in the path of duty, he started for Australia with a sister, and his three elder children. He had the trial of separation from his younger children, whom for the sake of education, he left in England for some years

with his father and twin sister. After all his sorrow this voyage probably helped in giving him fresh thoughts. He became keenly interested in watching the course of the ship, and in studying charts and maps. The clear starry heavens of the Southern Hemisphere also appealed strongly to him, and ever after he loved to linger in his walks home after evening services and meetings, to note some fresh position of a constellation, or to exclaim on the beauty of the scene.

His work now lay under the Southern Cross, and amidst many difficulties and perplexities he worked on steadfastly and hopefully. Patience, deliberation, and consideration for others were some of his characteristics. Under a somewhat abrupt manner was a depth of tenderness and sympathy, and many can recall the unobtrusive ways in which he held out a generous helping hand to those in need or sorrow.

In his Diocese he was trusted, even by those who might not agree with him. The work which was being quietly and patiently done, was hardly noticed during his lifetime, but it may be remembered how much of what is now recognized as an integral part of church work in the Diocese was inaugurated during his episcopate.

A debt of £7,000 on the Cathedral and Buildings was paid off, as well as £5,000 raised for the Deanery Endowment Fund. His earnest wish that Parochial Churches should free themselves from debt, resulted

in many successful efforts, and enabled him to have the joy of consecrating those churches. Moore Theological College was re-opened; the Sydney "Mission to Seamen" was reorganized and a chaplain appointed. The Church of England Grammar School for Girls was founded, as well as the Deaconess Institution with its branches, the "Home of Peace," Children's Home, etc. Also a successful branch of the "Mothers' Union" was started, as well as other organizations.

The various missions in connection with the Australian Church—Melanesian Mission, Church Missionary Association, New Guinea and Aboriginal Missions—claimed and found in the Archbishop ready and warm support. The last two missions were started after his arrival in Sydney. The founder of the New Guinea Mission, Rev. Albert Maclaren, left Sydney in 1891, and three months after laid down his life for New Guinea. But the mission thus begun has taken root in the land, and the first Bishop was consecrated in 1898. Also the Archbishop was much interested in the Yarrabah Mission to Aboriginals in North Queensland, which was founded in 1892 in connection with the Board of Missions, and in 1893 he ordained the first missionary who worked there. He enjoyed two visits to Yarrabah, and as the "Aboriginal News" said, "His memory as a Father in God will ever be kept in Yarrabah."

The Archbishop was certainly a genuine hard worker, and many wondered that he could devote so

many hours at a stretch to his labours. With infinite patience he would seek out the essentials of a matter, and would spare no pains to ensure accuracy. Interviews with persons, events, ideas were recorded with care and order. His life was a life of toil, and a life of prayer, and when, after due deliberation on a matter, a stand had to be made, he was firm as a rock.

“I will hope continually and will yet praise Thee more and more,” was his favourite motto, and in the smaller poems can be traced his never-failing trust in God’s guidance.

A grateful tribute to his memory was written by a layman officially connected with him during his life in Sydney: “His unwearied devotion to the duties of his high office, his christian forbearance, his endeavour to secure peace and harmony amongst us, his unvarying desire to find the good in every man, must ever make his memory treasured by those who were brought in contact with him.”

Another who knew him well, also wrote, “How wholly true he was! You could not picture him as shuffling, as equivocating, as dissembling. He was honest as the day. I never saw once the least sign of envy or spite or any inclination to retaliate. The simplicity and sincerity of his disposition were the cause of many not understanding him, they could not realize that a man with such great attainments, and in so high a position, could be as natural and truthful as a child.”

As Primate he was loved and honoured by his brother Bishops, and there was much happy intercourse with them when he visited their various Dioceses, and when they all met for the General Synod which assembled every five years at Sydney. One Bishop in speaking about him stated that "during the nineteen years of his episcopate he saw the foundation of the Ecclesiastical Provinces of Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane, and the formation of seven new Dioceses," and he continued, "though evangelical in his private opinions, he was absolutely fair." And another Bishop wrote, "He will take a great place in the history of the Australian Church, which has developed greatly under his Primacy, and he has always promoted that development most loyally."

Here may be added some touching words from a sermon preached the Sunday after his death by a brother Archbishop, at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney. "Unworldliness is written broadly over his whole career; unworldliness is the message which by his life and death he preaches to our world-stained hearts. It was not worth his while to be popular, it was not worth his while to seek success; he was able to let these things pass by him because of his belief in the Unseen. Two things struck me in conversations and conferences, his belief in the Divine Guidance, and his belief in the Divine Government of the world; and because he believed in these things, he was able to attain to a calmness of mind which lay deeper than his anxieties."

He was also honoured and trusted by the Free Churches in the Commonwealth, and one who knew him well wrote, "To many quite outside his jurisdiction he was a real Father in God, wise, kindly, tolerant and sympathetic. He extended the influence of the Anglican Church far beyond her own borders, and was in a very real sense, though not in that usually intended, the Primate of Australia."

As to his private life, "he lived much in his Bible," said one who knew him, "no one could go into his study and see the 'stand up' desk covered with his Bibles, authorized, revised, Hebrew, etc., without perceiving his life-long devotion to the written word." Many will recall how beautifully he read the Lessons in the Cathedral and other churches.

In the strenuous life of a Bishop, times of relaxation were rare, but now and then he would take part of a day off to watch some important cricket match, with keen enjoyment.

His love for reading was intense, and it was wonderful how in his crowded life he managed to devour some of the books and writings of the day. How reading tempted him may be gleaned from his joke about himself that he was not to be trusted in a bookshop for fear of "the indulgence of buying." Languages also interested him greatly, and he could read eight or nine. On one occasion at the Baptism of some Chinese converts at the Cathedral, having

specially learnt the words, he was able to baptize them in their own language.

Those who were able to see him in his happy home at Bishopscourt, delighted to see him throw aside his work for an hour or two, and enjoy like a boy the simplest pleasures. And away in the country when visiting his clergy, any children that he met would find in the Archbishop a ready playmate.

In Holy Week of 1909 there were as usual Musical Services in the Cathedral, the Archbishop also giving a short address. Some who were present on the Wednesday, will never forget the earnestness of his closing words on the love of Christ, which proved to be the last that he spoke in his Cathedral pulpit. He ended by quoting the verse:

“And there, with all the blood-bought throng
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new Eternal Song
Of Jesu's love to me.”

The next morning, apparently well, he did his usual work, but that afternoon in his office at the Diocesan Registry he was found unconscious, and the letter he was writing was never finished. It was thought that during the next ten days he never regained consciousness, and on Sunday evening, April 18th, 1909, he “crossed the bar.”

His sudden death in the midst of his work produced a wonderful effect in Sydney. The people recognized that he had devoted his life to his adopted country,

and there were many who gave touching proofs of how much they loved and honoured their Primate. The Cathedral was filled to overflowing for the first part of the Burial Service by a representative and sympathetic congregation. No signs of mourning were there. The lovely white flowers and impressive and beautiful music gave a note of Easter Victory and Peace.

Large numbers of people lined the long route of five miles to the beautiful Waverley Cemetery, which reaches down to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. The description of the scene given by one of the Sydney papers may fitly conclude this brief sketch: "A soft but clear air hung over the Cemetery, and there was a lazy beat of rolling water against the rocks below. To sea only a solitary tug was distinguishable, and further out a column of smoke denoted a steamer against the horizon. The elemental calmness, and the absence of distracting incident served to hush and further impress the very large crowd." After the last hymn—"For all the saints who from their labour rest"—was sung, "the people gradually withdrew, and left only the rollers of the Pacific beating against an empty headland, and the fresh breeze of the ocean stirring the grass about a new-turned grave."

*Inscription on Bronze Mural Tablet in
St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney*

Sacred to
the Memory of

The Most Reverend William Saumarez Smith, D.D., D.C.L.
Archbishop of Sydney, Metropolitan of New South Wales,
and Primate of Australia and Tasmania,

Who fell asleep April 18th 1909

Aged 73 years

In the 20th year of his Episcopate.

A humble Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ,

A man of profound learning,

A just Administrator,

He illustrated his teaching by the example of a saintly life.

A devoted father,

A true friend,

His labours were crowned by his death in the

Diocese that he loved.

Buried at Waverley,

The first occupant of the See interred within its borders.

This Memorial is a token of affectionate gratitude
from his fellow Churchmen.

CAPERNAUM
A SEATONIAN POEM

B

JESU dulcis memoria
Dans vera cordi gaudia
Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis præsentia.

S. BERNARDUS.

PART I

THE SEARCH

“His own city.”

O LAND of lands, what sacred mem’ries wake
At thought of thee, and clust’ring round me make
My enraptured spirit fain to soar awhile
Above the petty things which here beguile
Man’s feeble soul, and keep him in the dust!
Aye, golden mem’ries are they, which no rust
Of earth’s corroding cares can spoil for me,
Mem’ries of Zion, and of Galilee!

Joy mixt with sorrow; gladness seen through tears;
Glimpses of heav’n beyond poor passing years
Of earthly feebleness and sin; bright hope
Beaming upon dark clouds of unbelief,
And fringing with her light the pall of grief,
That men no longer should despairing grope;
Dread words of doom¹ fast following deeds of love,
Yet gracious words of one who would reprove
That He might save; works wondrously divine
Of mighty mercy, making glory shine

¹ See Matt. xi. 20-24. Luke, x. 13-16.

In regions where, before, men sat in gloom ;¹
And, at the last, that Death which made death die,
And from the very portals of the tomb
Sent forth the pledge of immortality ;—
They come, they come ! those mem'ries of the past
Now singly vivid, now succeeding fast,
Sometimes, like light'ning flash
Followed by thunder-crash,
They stir the listless soul ; at other times,
As now to me, they seem like distant chimes
To one who, on some tranquil summer eve,
Walks through the fields to church ; upon his ears
Soft falls the soothing sound ; he cannot grieve,
Peace holds him ; yet his eyes are full of tears.
So come those sacred mem'ries now to me,
Heard softly in their mingled melodies,—
As one may hear, not seeing, through the trees
Low mutter'd murmurings of a far off sea,—
Mem'ries of Zion, and of Galilee !

'Twas dawn ; I stood upon the silent shore
Of thy long-look'd-for lake, Gennesaret,
Which strain'd imagination oft before
Had pictured bright and beautiful ; I set
My eager eyes upon the wish'd-for sight,
Thy waves just tinted with the yellow light
Of the advancing morn, and my heart leapt
Within me : was it joy, or was it grief

¹ See Matt. iv. 13-17.

That moved me then, and made the ready tear
Start to my eyes as if to give relief
To some full pent-up tide which could not bear
Longer restraint? I joy'd, and yet I wept.
'Twas not the sight of beauteous scenery,
The fertile plain, the hills, the bright'ning sea,
Which touch'd my heart, I could not praise nor blame,¹
For not of them I thought when through my frame
Tingled the flood of strong emotion; no!
I thought of Him who, years and years ago,
Had seen of that which then I saw, had walk'd
Upon that shingly beach, and there had talk'd
To crowds who hung upon His lips of grace,²
And saw the love-light beaming from His face,—
I thought of Him, the Holy and the True,
The King of Heaven, the despisèd Jew,
The Man of Nazareth, th' Incarnate God,
I thought of JESUS! He, my Saviour, trod
The paths which now I tread; the morning light
Which glowing round me growtheth into day
Has often shone on Him when the long night
Of lone prayer on these hills had pass'd away;
Those rippling waters oft have kiss'd His feet
When standing on the shore, or from the seat

¹ "It is a moment if any," says Dean Stanley of his first view of the Lake of Tiberias, "when recollections of the past disarm any attempts to criticise the details of the actual scene." *Sinai and Palestine* (3rd Edition), p. 369.

² Comp. Ps. xlv. 4, and Luke, v. 1.

In Simon's boat¹ He spake His words of power.
 Oft in the cool of morn, or soothing hour
 Of stilly eve, the fisher's humble bark
 Has borne Him o'er the lake, and even so
 Has by His presence been a very Ark
 In which, safe from surrounding care and woe,
 His chosen ones might rest, secure in Him.

* * * *

I thought and thought,—and still my eyes were dim
 With weeping when I turned to leave the spot
 That I might seek what was, but now is not
 The favour'd resting-place of Love Divine,
 And find at least some certifying sign
 E'en though it were a ruin, speaking doom,
 Of Christ's OWN CITY, fair Capernaum.

And all that day I search'd, once and again,
 Gennesaret's now desolated plain,
 Which skirts the lake upon the west, and looks
 Like a soft-cushion'd bed, whereon the brooks,
 Tired of toils in mountainous ravine,
 Are fain to linger, ere they leave the scene,
 And lose themselves in the deep-basin'd² sea.
 'Twas not thus once; this deep tranquillity,
 Like the sad silence of a grave-yard, hangs

¹ See Matt. xiii. 2, with Luke, v. 3.

² ". . . What makes it unlike any of our English lakes is the *deep depression* which gives it something of the strange unnatural character that belongs in a still greater degree to the Dead Sea." *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 370.

O'er what were busy haunts of men, where pangs
Were felt and pleasures fled, and human life
Show'd its capacities for peace and strife
In the thick-peopled¹ towns of Galilee.

I search'd. The few poor huts of Magdala
Were all I found, save, now and then, amid
A tangled mass of thorns, half seen, half hid,
Shapeless and mournful ruins. Here a few
Old marble slabs round which the rank weeds grew,
Might mark the site of rich² Bethsaida;
And that low mound,³ from which hewn stones, scarce
seen

¹ The plain of Gennesaret (or Chinnereth) was a very populous district when our Lord dwelt there. It was crowded with towns and villages, in which the "busy stir of life" manifested itself in most diverse ways. Roman soldiers, Galilean fishermen, prosperous merchants, a hardy and somewhat turbulent peasantry contributed to make up a picture of energetic restless life to which no greater contrast can be conceived than the present aspect of the plain, as described by travellers. See *Sinai and Palestine*, pp. 375-377, and 382. Josephus affirms that, owing to the fecundity of the soil, Galilee was covered with towns and villages, the smallest of which contained above 15,000 inhabitants.

² It is not impossible that Bethsaida derived its name from the fisheries established there, which were doubtless a lucrative source of income to their owners.

³ At Khan Minyeh "Dr. Robinson remarked a low mound, with ruins occupying a considerable circumference, and here he is inclined to seek the probable position of the ancient Caper-naum." Others advocate the place called Tell Hûm. (See a well-written article on Capernaum, in the *Family Treasury*, for 1859, signed J. D. B.)

Jutting from rubbish, say there might have been
 In olden times large buildings here, may be
 For aught we know—none can speak certainly—
 The spot I seek, where once Capernaum stood.

* * * * *

My search had ceased. I could no longer seek
 Where naught was sure. A melancholy mood
 Crept o'er me when from a commanding peak
 Of one of Galilee's green hills I gazed
 Upon the plain and lake beneath, amazed
 To find so desolate and sad a view.

Alas! the stern prophetic words¹ were true
 Which spake of coming woe, those words which fell
 Unheeded, like the sound of funeral bell
 On careless ear; for hearts with sin engross'd
 Think of and love the present pleasure most,
 Blind to the future wrath.

The empty plain,
 The lake unspeckt by fisher's sail, how changed
 Their aspect now from that they bore when He,
 Whose gentle ministry of mercy ranged
 Hence as a centre throughout Galilee,
 Look'd on their bustling scenes, with much of pain
 And more of pity! Where is now the crowd
 Which, following eagerly His footsteps, bow'd
 Attentive ears to the good words which flow'd,
 Fresh as the stream at Horeb's rock bestow'd,

¹ Matt. xi. 20-24.

From One who taught "not as the Scribes," but spake
With earnest utterances such as make
The dull heart feel, the slumb'ring conscience wake,
And tell of God? Where now the fishermen
Mending their nets upon the strand, or fain
To launch into the deep at His command?
Where the proud Pharisee? the learned Scribe?
And those for whom they had a ready jibe,
The publicans and sinners, wretched band,
Whose very wretchedness call'd for the love
Of Him who came to save the lost, and heal
Those whose disease none other could remove?
Gone! Gone! and mournful voices seem to steal
O'er the deserted plain with cries of Woe!
Aye, bitter woe hath pass'd upon the land,
For all its once so joyous towns lie low,
Lie low, of all their joy and pride bereft
By the destroying Angel's wrathful hand:
Thistles and thorns, symbols of primal curse
On God's world spoilt by man, now roughly nurse
In ruin's cradle all that yet is left
Of what was once the neighbourhood and home
Of Jesus!

"Woe to thee, Capernaum" ¹—

(So spake He when thou hadst been highly blest
With Him, Immanuel, for thy guest,
And unbelieving turn'dst thy face away,)

¹ Matt. *I.c.*

"Woe unto thee which art exalted now,
"Down to the very dust of death shalt thou
"Be humbled, for if Sodom had but seen
"The mighty works which in this place have been
"Wrought by my hand, it had remain'd this day."
Aye, woe has come upon the land; no more
Chorazin and Bethsaida are known,
And heaps of desolate fragments still disown
A proper name upon Gennesaret's shore.
Woe! Woe! the mournful voices seem'd to glide
O'er the lone lake and plain, and up the side
Of thorn-enfolded¹ hills, filling the air
With melancholy wailings.

Long I gazed,
And then descending to the beach sat there,
Reading the gospel-story, till it raised
My thoughts from the dead Past to Him who lives
To-Day as Yesterday the same, and gives
To all who follow Him, and bear the cross,
A life and home beyond all reach of loss.

The sun went down behind the hills, and soon,
Queenly 'mid circling stars, the bright-faced moon
Gleam'd on me, mirror'd in the tranquil lake;
With lingering, reluctant steps I take
My homeward path, as one afeard to break

¹ " . . . The 'Nabk' or thorn-tree . . . here breaks out along the hill-sides in thick jungles." *Sinai and Palestine* (p. 370).

The charm which binds him to some sacred place,
Who wishes that he may with ease retrace,
In mem'ry's backward journeyings, each link
Of the enchaining bond, and fondly think
Again the thoughts inspired by the scene
So sad yet calm, so mournful yet serene.

END OF PART I

PART II

THE DREAM

“Sleep hath its own world.”

I

I SLEPT; but whilst in soft repose
My wearied limbs were wrapt,
Before my wakeful spirit rose
In long succession—at the first, perplext,
One picture ever mingling with the next,
But afterwards to order growing
And like a gentle river flowing,—
Visions of fancy, such as might
Be deem'd of all most apt
To circle me with thoughts that night,
While still, like th' underswell of ocean
The past day's tide of strong emotion
Heaved in my breast, and all around
My resting-place was holy ground.

II

Methought I saw the lake again
But not, as in the day, with pain;

For on its blue expanse
Merrily seem'd to dance
Hundreds of sunlit sails, and on
Its margin, ever and anon,
Gleam'd, sparkling in the laughing light
Houses and temples rich and bright;¹

And, shouting on the shore,
Were groups of fishers, such as those
Who at the Master's call arose,
Forsaking all to follow Christ,

And, found in Him far more
Than earth's best wealth and highest priced
Could ever give, and then,
Leaving their work for nobler toil,
Amidst the world's confused turmoil
Became "fishers of men."

III

This first appear'd, and nothing more,
But soon in medley strange,
Scene swiftly chasing scene I saw,
And change succeeding change;
As in dissolving views
With which we would amuse

¹ "... We see that the whole basin [of the sea of Galilee] must have been a focus of life and energy; the surface of the lake constantly dotted with the white sails of vessels, flying before the mountain gusts, as the beach sparkled with the houses and palaces, the synagogues and the temples of the Jewish or Roman inhabitants." *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 375.

Our gazing children while they ope
 At quickly glancing chromatropre
 Wide eyes of wonder, even so
 My visions flutter'd to and fro,
 And rested not, but hurrying by
 A moment seen, the next they fly,

And tho' I fain
 Would still retain

The glittering forms which pass and pass
 Before my dreaming sight, as in a glass,

I feel myself unable
 To beckon them to stay,
 Or bid them go away,
 Or make the fleeting vision stable.

IV

At length a calmer mood
 Came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 Methought an old man stood
 Upon the beach; close by a stream¹
 Emptied itself into the lake,
 Pouring its waters through a brake
 Of oleander mixt with thorn;
 Above, bright fields of waving corn
 Clad its low banks, and further on
 Gleam'd in the sunlight the white stone

¹ One of the supposed sites of Capernaum is near the Ain-et-tîn, *i.e.* the Fountain of the Fig-tree, from which an abundant stream flows into the lake close by a high projecting rock.

Of some large town, from which the hum
Of business and of revelry,
Now dimly, now defiantly,
Invaded the old man's quiet spot:
Then by some means, I know not what,
I felt I saw Capernaum.

V

The old man's look was grave and sad;
And, though around him voices glad
Of children, playing on the sand,
Rang in his ears on either hand,—
And from a high projecting rock ¹
Rebounded, dim, as if the shock
Had ta'en a little of the breath,
But not avail'd to silence quite
The merriment and gladsome might
Of those young voices,—he the while
Silent look'd on without a smile:
They life enjoy'd; *he* thought on death:

VI

Yet not upon his own; his faith
Was fix'd; Jesus of Nazareth,
The Prophet, who on Calvary died,
But rose the third day, glorified,
And afterwards from Olivet

¹ See last note.

Ascended in a cloud, would come
Again and take him safely home;
He knew it; He had firmly set
His heart's best hopes on things above,
And rested in His Saviour's love:

VII

Not for himself the old man mourn'd,
But that his fellow-townsmen scorn'd
The humble faith they would not share:
Th' Anointed One had spoken there
Wise words of warning, and had done
Deeds which proclaim'd Him as the Son
Of God, but they refused the light
Which shone amongst them, calmly bright,
And now the shade of death to come
Hung over doom'd Capernaum.

VIII

Thus had he mused, till a sad streak
Of moisture down the wither'd cheek
Betray'd the sorrow of his heart;
A gentle child was standing near,
And, when he saw the falling tear,
He brought, as anxious to impart
The only comfort that he knew,
A sprig of rosy flow'rs which grew
Upon the river's side; with this
He sidled up, and press'd a kiss

Upon the aged sorrower's hand:
 Like the refreshing influence
 Of rain upon the new-mown land,¹
 So on him came the soothing sense
 Of the child's simple kindliness;
 He took him in his arms, and said,
 Just bending o'er the little head,
 "Child, may the God of Abraham bless
 "Thy growing years, and shield thee well
 "From all the snares of earth and hell!
 "'Tis now some thirty years and three
 "Since a fair, gentle child² like thee
 "(He is not living now—God's will
 "Is best—my restless soul, be still!)
 "Nestled in other arms than mine,
 "And words of blessing richly fell
 "From One of whom I love to tell,
 "From One who was a Teacher, sent
 "From Heav'n, and in Him strangely blent
 "The Human, and Divine."

IX

Then quick the little lad replied,
 With eager looks of childish pride

¹ See Ps. lxxii. 6.

² The old man's son (of whom he speaks) is identified with the little child mentioned Matt. xviii. 2. Thirty-three (or according to the more accurate chronology thirty-seven years) would bring us to the year 65 A.D., which is the time of the supposed incident in the dream.

In knowing whom the old man meant,
 "I know thou meanest Him who went
 Through all the country round about,
 "And poor, sick folk were taken out¹
 "That He might cure them of their pain,
 "And make them all quite well again.
 "JESUS they call'd Him; He is GOD
 "As well as man, and though He trod
 Upon this earth, He's now on high,
 "Ascended into the blue sky."

X

With earnest look the old man said,
 "Thou'rt right, my child," and wonderèd
 That never at the love-feast (where
 The Christian brethren met for prayer
 And joyful union of praise
 In those—the Church's early—days,)
 His eyes had seen that eager boy,
 Whose simple words thrill'd him with joy,
 For he had long'd for sympathy,
 And now this fresh simplicity
 Of child-like trust touch'd his sad heart
 With thankfulness, and heal'd the smart
 Of many a bitter sneer and jest
 Which late had marr'd his sense of rest.

¹ See Matt. xv. 30. Matt. viii. 16. Luke, iv. 40.

XI

And as he gazed at him and smiled,
Thus prattled on that little child:
“ And do you know that father says,
“ Once, when my good old Lysias
“(He is my father’s best-loved slave,
“ He’s very kind, and strong, and brave,)
“ Was sick with palsy, Jesus came
“ Near to our house,¹ and spake
“ Some gracious words, and then the frame
“ Of that poor stricken man was cured,
“ And all the pain that he endured
“ Left him at once: was He not good?
“ And Lysias, and my father too,
“ Finding in Him a Prophet true,
“ Gave up their gods of stone and wood
“ For the good Jesus’ sake.”

XII

“ I know thee now,” the old man cried,
“ And is thy father back, and well?”
The child had hardly time to tell,
When in the distance he espied
A tall and martial form;
Then bounding from the old man’s knee
Ran to his father eagerly:
Bright were the looks, and warm

¹ See Luke, vii. 6.

The fatherly embrace which met
 The running boy. Meanwhile
 His agèd friend, anxious to get
 Some words of converse, forward came
 And with a friendly smile,
 Saluting th' other by his name,
 Said thus: "Well met, Centurion!
 "Welcome to thee! thy little son
 "Is like his father! When didst come
 "Back to our loved Capernaum?"

XIII

"Hail, friend! I came but yesterday,"
 The soldier said, "and must away
 "Before three days have run their course;
 "Hast thou not heard the news?
 "Six thousand foot, a thousand horse,
 "Are ordered down to Sepphoris:¹

¹ When Vespasian brought down his army from Antioch to Ptolemais about the end of the year 65 A.D. Placidus, we are told by Josephus, was ordered to take a thousand horse and six thousand foot to the aid of Sepphoris, whose inhabitants had not joined the insurgents of Galilee. Josephus adds, "that the thousand horse were very troublesome to him in plundering the neighbouring country." I think it not at all an improbable supposition that the large, unfortified villages and towns on the plain of Gennesaret were rendered uninhabitable, if not entirely destroyed, during the period which Vespasian occupied in subduing Galilee, viz. A.D. 65-67. If so, Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum met with their doom at the hands of the same soldiers who afterwards destroyed Jerusalem, and again fulfilled prophetic denunciations which our Lord had uttered.

“ There will be work for us, I wis,
 “ And I must not refuse
“ To fight for order and for Rome:
“ But my heart aches for the old home.
“ Here was I station’d first, and here
“ In the first blush of my career
“ I learn’d what now I hold more dear
“ Than life or honour: yet ’twas not
“ Till years had lapsed, old friend, since first
“ I met thee on this very spot
“ And spoke of Jesus, that the thirst
“ Of my poor soul was satisfied;
“ By suff’ring and by sorrow tried,
“ I learnt, at last, this world was vain,
 “ And then my soul was turn’d
“ To Him who heal’d my servant’s pain,
 “ To Him who never spurn’d
“ A suppliant for His mighty aid;
“ And, oh! how earnestly, I pray’d
“ That He would mercifully heal
“ My sin-sick soul: and now I feel
 “ My prayer was heard on high;
“ JESUS will help, uphold, forgive;
“ For Him I wish and strive to live,
 Prepared in Him to die.”

XIV

Then said the other, speaking low
With deep emotion, “ Is it so?

CAPERNAUM

" My long'd-for friend, then it is well,
 " For Jesus gives, what none can tell,
 " The peace which passeth thought,
 " In which our souls alone can find,
 " What this world never brought,
 " A grateful view of things behind,
 " A hope of better things to come,
 " A hope of an enduring home."

XV

Then follow'd converse long and sweet,
 Such as is fitting when friends meet
 After long severance. They talk'd
 Of earlier times when they had walk'd
 Together by the lake, and heard
 Their loving Master's voice,
 And many a deed and many a word,
 Recall'd to mem'ry, cheer'd them then,
 But most His sympathy with men¹
 Strengthen'd them to rejoice.

XVI

Well they remember'd those old days
 Whose light still shone, as shine the rays
 At sunset when the dark'ning sky

¹ When Jesus emerged from the retirement of Nazareth and took up his abode on the busy shores of the lake of Gennesaret, He began and continued that course of merciful interpositions which St. Matthew tells us were a fulfilment of the words of Esaias, "*Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.*"

Retains a tender brilliancy,
 And, ling'ring still, the golden light
 Will not be quench'd in utter night.
 They spake of sabbaths long gone by,
 When in the synagogue He taught¹
 The eager listeners earnestly,
 And words with marv'lous mystery fraught²
 Offer'd God's life to dying men,
 And join'd our earth to heav'n again.

XVII

And still they paced that pebbly beach,
 And talk'd on, each reminding each,
 Of wond'rous works which Jesus did;
 His fame, said they, could not be hid;
 All Syria heard, and people came
 From Judæa and Jerusalem,
 And from all parts of Galilee,
 And Jordan's further bank,³ to see
 The mighty Prophet who had come
 From Naz'reth to Capernaum.⁴

XVIII

But suddenly, methought,
 Their voices sadder grew; "Ah, me!"

See Luke, iv. 31.

² A special instance may be found in John, vi: for the discourse of our Lord recorded in that chapter took place at Capernaum (see ver. 59).

³ See Matt. iv. 25.

⁴ See Matt. iv. 13.

One seem'd to say, "how soon we let
 "Our best thoughts slip, how soon forgot
 "In this world's busy rivalry
 "The wonders God hath wrought!
 "He came to us, how few received!
 "He preach'd to us, how few believed!
 "His mightiest deeds were deeds of love;
 "We heeded not, and from above
 "Anger for love now cometh down,
 "And our once high exalted town
 "Will crumble in the dust, sad sign
 "Of human sin, and wrath divine."

* * * *

XIX

A fearful change came o'er my dream:
 The lake was there, and that same stream
 Still pour'd its waters through the brake
 Of thorn and flow'rs; but the blue lake
 Was red with streaks of human gore,¹
 And strew'd along the frightful shore
 Were fest'ring corpses; all the air

¹ Josephus gives the following description of the lake after the siege of Tarichæa by the Romans, under Titus, in 67 A.D. "Then might have been seen the whole lake discoloured with blood, and choked with dead; for not one [of those who attempted, in rafts and boats, to continue the resistance to the Romans after the town had been taken,] escaped. Dreadful on the following days was the stench diffused throughout the country, and shocking the spectacle presented. For the shores were covered with wrecks and with swollen carcasses."

Seem'd tainted with pestif'rous breath,
And naught around, but spake of death.
Here swollen limbs lay ghastly, there
Some shatter'd planks, or broken masts,
Proclaim'd disaster worse than blasts
Of sudden storm-wind. Then I look'd
Towards the town, but hardly brook'd
The cruel sight which met my eyes;
Ruin had fall'n on wall and gate,
Houses and streets were desolate,
And only shrieks of pain, or sighs
Of hopeless sorrow seem'd to come
From the once glad Capernaum.

XX

The sad sounds seem'd to die away
In sadder silence; nevermore
May children on that fertile shore
Run from their neighb'ring home to play
Beside the water's edge, or wait
To see the scaly glittering freight
Of fisher's boat unladed there.
Hush'd are their merry voices now;
The beaming eye, the wrinkled brow,
That bright with youth, this lined with care,
Are crush'd by death's impartial hand;
Fell desolation sweeps the land;
Unpeopled now is ev'ry town;
Corn-fields and vines are trampled down;

Each lordly house, each homely hut
In open emptiness is shut
From human owners,—some are fled,
Plunder and war have left their dead,—
And the wild foxes make their den
In what were homes of living men.

XXI

One further change came o'er my dream.
The quiet scene of yesternight
Once more appear'd; and when the light
Of morning with its cheerful gleam
My strangely chequer'd visions broke,
In peaceful calmness I awoke.

END OF PART II

PART III

THE LESSON

"If in seeking for some vestige of the Saviour's earthly dwelling-place a voice reminds us like that of the angel at the sepulchre that 'He is not here, he is risen,' the sight of Magdala and the remembrance of Mary may tell us that He still makes His abode as of old, with every one that is of a humble and contrite heart. If we have sought for a city and only found a grave, the search is not vain if we decipher the epitaph written over it, and over many a spot once blessed with light as clear and privileges as exalted: 'Because of unbelief they were cast off; but thou standest by faith. Be not high-minded, but fear. For if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he also spare not thee.'"

(*"CAPERNAUM,"* by J. D. B., in *The Family Treasury*, 1859.)

I FOUND not what my soul was wont to crave;
 I sought a city, but I found a grave;
 I sought the home of Christ on earth, I found
 A heap of melancholy stones, wrapt round
 With weeds and briars, and these, some people said,
 Were relics of the city call'd "*His own*";
 And some denied, and pointed further on
 To Tell Hûm's larger ruins at the head
 Of the famed lake to which my pilgrimage
 Had taken me.

Well, let the critics wage
 Their endless controversy, but to me

My disappointed curiosity
Has taught me lessons I shall ne'er forget
Upon the shores of blue Gennesaret.

I sought a city, and I found a grave,
(For desolation's ruthless wave
Had swept all signs of the old busy life
From the once sacred place;) what then? shall I
About dead bones stir up a fruitless strife,
Pain'd at the perishable memory
Of outward things? Nay, rather let me learn,
As one who bending o'er a funeral urn
Lifts up his thoughts from ashes to the sky,—
From death's sad monument they thankful fly
To where death is not known, where no decay
May take the bloom of beauty's life away,
Where mortal changes cease, and joy and love
Are never marr'd in God's bright courts above,—
So let me learn to look beyond the earth,
Nor think the wayside ruins¹ of such worth
That I by them should fretful stay, and lose
In mournful mists below the heaven's glad hues.

'Tis strange, indeed, that on the very spot
Where living fountains sprang, their trace should not

¹ "Nor by the wayside ruins let us mourn
Who have th' eternal towers for our appointed bourne."
KEBLE'S *Christian Year* (1st S. after Trin.).

Be found; but who for that should glory less
In the full river's spreading blessedness?

Sin pusheth Eden from the world; no sign
Is left to us, whereby we may divine
The habitation of the primal man,
When all was "very good," nor yet the ban
Had pass'd upon our race, nor death had thrown
Its gloomy shade of suff'ring and of woe
On all that else would gladden man below,
But not for that do we, despairing, moan
The past, nor hope the less that there shall come
A brighter Eden, and a better home.

The second Adam came, and dwelt awhile
On earth; the Very Light of God did smile
Upon a land of darkness and of death;
But now the light is gone; 'tis dark once more
Upon Gennes'ret's highly favour'd shore;
No more amid the hills of Nazareth
The Son of Mary roams, and Galilee
Has lost His impress of divinity;
No glory shines to mark the hallow'd place
Where He abode, no monumental trace
Is left whereon we might, admiring, gaze
And mingle lamentation with our praise:
But not the less we seek our Saviour's home
And find in heav'n the true CAPERNAUM.¹

¹ The name Capernaum (כְּפָר נַחַם) may, and possibly does, mean "Abode of comfort."

I sought a city, and I found a grave,
 Empty and nameless by Gennes'ret's wave:
 But clear and sweet the voice HOPE uttereth
 From the deserted plain of Chinnereth,
 And bids us, ling'ring not in the dead Past,
 To urge our onward path, and upward cast
 The looks that meet not with contentment here;
 She bids us cease the moan, and dry the tear,
 As at the garden-tomb at dawn of day,
 When Death's dark covering was roll'd away,
 "He is not here," the white-robed Angel said,
 "Why seek the Living One among the dead?"
 He is not here, He lives; this dying world
 Might not long hold Him back; God's heav'n un-
 furl'd
 Its golden curtains,¹ and received Him in
 Where naught is touch'd by Death or spoilt by sin.

He is not here; He lives; heaven's glassy sea ²
 Is better than the lake of Galilee,
 The golden-streeted new Jerusalem
 Is better worthy of Capernaum's name
 Than earthly city, worthy to be call'd
 CITY OF COMFORT! there a glorious band,
 Thousands on thousands, the bright angels stand
 And chant the Saviour's praise; sorrow and grief
 Enter not in; the scorn of unbelief

¹ "And a cloud received Him out of their sight." Acts, i. 9.

² Rev. iv. 6.

Has ceased; the painful fast, the lonely prayer,
Hunger and thirst and want are unknown there.
O glorious dwelling of the Lamb! O blest
Abode of Jesus, where the joy and rest
Dread not a coming woe, and never more
The curse may come upon that happy shore!

But other tones, and sterner, blended rise
With those in which Hope points to Paradise;
Fear mingles with our joy and pride is still'd
By the sad signs of God's just wrath fulfill'd.

Capernaum had glory once; God's Son,
The Holy Jesus, the Anointed One,
Held there His ministry of truth and grace;
Often her citizens beheld that face
So mark'd with toil and care yet so divine
That from its every lineament and line
Beam'd forth pure rays of awful saintliness,
Ready to punish, where they might not bless.
Oft in their synagogue He taught, and by
The lake, where fishermen would daily ply
Their wonted tasks, and many gladly heard
What times He spake His life-inspiring word:
Demoniacs, whose awful madness scared
All others, so that none, though wishing, dared
To proffer help, were calm'd and cured by Him;
Hush'd was the inner turbulence, each whim
Of frantic fury ceased, and at his word

The demons fled, acknowledging the Lord:
 The dead He raised; the wither'd hand grew strong
 At his command; fever and leprosy
 Were banish'd by His touch immediately;
 And people brought their dear ones, who had long
 Suffer'd from divers maladies, and pray'd
 That He would heal; gently the Saviour laid
 His hands upon the sick, and they were well.

Favour'd Capernaum! who can rightly tell
 The many mighty works which Jesus did
 That thou might'st see in Him the Messenger
 Of God to man? alas! thou didst defer
 Thine opportunity, and well He chid
 Thy slow, hard heart, and prophesied the fate
 Which one day soon should make thee desolate!

City, where Matthew heard the sacred call,¹
 And, hearing, straightway left behind him all
 His once-prized plans, and hopes of worldly gain,
 To follow Jesus, why didst thou remain
 So dull of heart, so wrapt in worldliness,
 That, at the last, e'en God's own will to bless
 Withstood by unbelief, (most awful thought!)
 Yielded to thine unwillingness, and brought
 Thy ruin on thee, as, in times of old,
 When Sodom's sin cried up to heav'n, the fire
 Of vengeance, swift descending, did enfold

¹ Mark, ii. 14.

The guilty cities of the southern plain in dire
 Destruction: but, Capernaum, far worse
 Thy crime than theirs, and meriting a curse
 More, and more bitter! they in darkness were
 Compared with thee, but thou didst Night prefer
 After the Light had come, and, when it shone,
 Thy soul still slept, as if there had been none.

The glory is departed now; the lonely sod
 Moulders above thy tomb, and from the plain
 So favour'd once, cometh a cry of pain
 Which waileth, "Ichabod! ah, Ichabod,
 "The glory is departed now; God's Ark
 "Is taken from us; ah, 'tis dark, 'tis dark!"

O fair, lost city! like a widow¹ now
 With hair dishevelled, and discrownèd brow,
 I see thee stand: a wreck of beauty lies
 In those deep-sunken, melancholy eyes,
 (All else about thee speaks of death), and this
 Is but the sorrow for a former bliss.
 Despair has paled her faded cheeks; her grief
 Has made her like a brown and wither'd leaf,
 Hopeless of second spring: she seems to speak,
 But her sweet voice is now a mournful shriek;
 Surely she moaneth out dread names of woe
 Which Israel's prophet utter'd long ago,²

¹ Comp. Lam. i. 1.

² See Hosea, i. 6-9.

And thus about herself, methinks, she sings
Unto a tuneless harp with broken strings:

“ Sadly fallen, sorely sinning!
“ Oh! how diff’rent my beginning
 “ From my awful doom!
“ Ephraim’s daughter once Thou loved’st,
“ Now from out Thy sight removed’st
 “ To a dreadful doom!
“ Lo-RUHAMAH! name of anger!
“ Once belovèd, now a stranger,
 “ Un-belovèd one!
“ Once Immanuel’s chosen city,
“ Now none bears me love or pity,
 “ Un-belovèd one!
“ Sadly fallen, madly sinning!
“ Oh! how diff’rent my beginning
 “ From my awful doom!
“ Sons of Jacob whom thou loved’st
“ Thus from out thy sight removed’st
 “ To a cursèd doom!
“ For a name of wrath Thou gavest
“ To the people once Thou saved’st
 “ Not Thy people now!
“ Call them now LO-AMMI, cast them
“ Far away, my love has pass’d them,
 “ Not my people now!”

* * * * *

The phantom of my vision fades away,
Yet that sad plain, and hills, and lake convey

The echo of her words, and speak the doom
Which long has overwhelm'd Capernaum.
And have we here no warning lesson giv'n
To mingle with the HOPE which points to heav'n?
Ah, yes! REMORSE and RUIN bid us fear
Lest when the Light of Light draws near
We should, with faithless hearts, neglect and spurn
The love which once removed may ne'er return.

So ends my tale: 'tis blent of hope and grief;
Evoking faith, it chideth unbelief;
Telling of sin's dread doom, it wounds our heart
With searching pain, but straightway heals the smart
By thoughts of Him whose mercy saves from sin,
And does its work amid the world's wild din.
Away from passing things it points our eyes
To those which, in the hidden depth of skies
Above our earth, for endless ages last,
Where ne'er an irrecoverable Past
Casts gloom upon a Present full of woe,
But, like a river's broad,¹ continuous flow,
There runneth on a tide of boundless peace,
Where joy dies not, and pleasures never cease.

O sweeter than the thoughts of Galilee,
O brighter than Gennes'ret's sunlit sea,
City of God! my heart still longs for thee!
*In thee my Saviour lives: thy jasper wall*²

¹ See Isai. lxvi. 12; xlviii. 18.

² See Rev. xxi. 11, etc.

May ne'er in sightless ruins sadly fall;
Thy gates of pearl, thy streets of shining gold,
May never with the lapse of time grow old;
Immortal beauty crowns thee; sin has fled;
I SEEK THE LIVING ONE, WHERE NONE ARE DEAD.
Lo! He comes quickly. Even so, LORD, come,
And take us to Thine own CAPERNAUM.¹

¹ See note on page 29.

END OF PART III

SHORTER POEMS

PART I



WHERE IS HOME?

WHERE love is found without alloy,
And sorrows never come
To interrupt the course of joy—
There, there, is home.

Where friends are met in union,
And foes can never come
To mar the sweet communion—
There, there is home.

Where purity and peace are found,
And sin can never come
To stain with guilt the holy ground—
There, there is home.

O wanderers in a world of pain
And sorrow and unrest,
Why seek for *passing* joys and gain—
A useless quest?

Join those who seek a better rest
And riches that will last,
Who, hopeful here, are fully blest
When this life's past.

WHERE IS HOME?

Home is not here, nor here is joy,
No longer idly roam,
Your pleasures bring you but annoy,
You're far from home.

But seek the Land which knows not woe,
Come with us Heavenwards, come;
Earth may not hinder us—and so,
God bring us Home!

TANGLED THREADS

SOMETIMES it seems as if the threads of life
 Were flung abroad all carelessly
 With none to take them up, or to arrange
 The order of their symmetry.

Here a bright golden thread of hope or joy,
 And there dark sorrow's gloomy hue;
 Here suffering's sickly skein of ashen gray,
 There gladness bright as heaven's own blue.

And yet the web is woven day by day,
 (Describe its course who may or can,)
 So strangely mixt, so gay and yet so sad
 This particoloured life of man!

O God, I can nor choose nor weave the threads
 Their intricacy beats my skill;
 Do Thou Thyself take up the work, and shape
 My life according to Thy will.

India, 1863.

ON THE EVE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY

On Millais' Picture, "The Huguenots"

THEY stood among the flowers
Beside the leafy wall,
And over and around them
The night began to fall.

With tearful eye and quivering lip,
And mute imploring face,
She stands before him *this once more*
In their loved meeting-place.

His left hand holds her throbbing head,
His right, around her thrown,
With resolute fingers pulls away
The badge he may not own.

And yet that badge might save his life;
If he would but consent
To wear it only this one night,
She would be quite content.

“ Nay! darling, cease to tempt; thou wouldst
 “ Not have me purchase life
“ By treason to the cause of truth,
 “ My love, my hoped-for wife!”

He said, and o'er his sadden'd face
 A look of sweet, grave tenderness,
Blended with patient, firm resolve,
 Half sooth'd, half heighten'd her distress.

* * * * *

They parted, ne'er to meet on earth;
 That night his martyr'd spirit fled ;
They told her at the morning light,—
 Ere sunset came, she too was dead.

Rutnagherry, India, 1864.

AUTUMN TINTS

THE summer glow has pass'd,
The days are short'ning fast,
And leaves are falling round us;
Yet glorious is the autumnal tide
Which bids farewell to summer pride
And with a softer joy has crown'd us.

Look round, and take delight
In blended colours bright;
As far as vision reaches;
Purple and red, and brown and green
And where, thro' dark fir boughs is seen
The burnish'd splendour of the beeches!

Look round, and lift thy heart
To take a thankful part
In nature's mellow chorus;
Those tinted trees and bushes say
We need not send our joys away
Tho' darkling winter be before us.

Look round, and let thy gaze
Grow into earnest praise
Of God from whom proceedeth
Each beauteous sight of lovely things,
And who in every season brings
Some gladness still to him who heedeth.

Yea! when from yonder tree
Its golden glories flee,
And all the beauty waneth,
Winter shall but prepare for spring,
And God be proved in everything,
Giver of goodness that *remaineth*.

1868.

GOOD-BYE

THINK of it well, the word often spoken
 With tears for its dress, and a kiss for its token;
 The word that we utter so oft with a sigh,
 The last word in parting, the tender “Good-bye.”

Think of it well, for, though it bring sadness,
 It holds too within it a spring of great gladness;
 Low tho’ our spirits, ’twill raise them on high
 To think of the meaning of saying “Good-bye.”

A prayer and a wish are contain’d in this greeting,
 Sufficient to calm the heart’s anxious beating;
 We may smile when we weep, and trust while we sigh,
 When we say “God-be-with-ye” in saying “Good-bye.”

“God’s presence go with ye,” all good things providing,
 To comfort and shield, and give you good guiding!
 Oh! when we say this, Joy stands very nigh
 To the sorrow which stirs us in saying “Good-bye.”

"LO! I AM WITH YOU ALL THE DAYS."

Matt. xxviii, 20.

"**A** LL the days!" so saith the Lord,
We will trust His gracious word;
Jesus with His people stays,
Ever present, *all the days.*

'Mid the tempests He is nigh,
Whisp'ring softly, "It is I;"
Him we greet in sunshine rays,
He is with us *all the days.*

Do we ask how this may be
When His form we cannot see?
'Tis His SPIRIT who conveys
Comfort to us *all the days.*

In the home, and in the heart;
With our friends, or quite apart;
In our varied tasks and ways,
He is with us *all the days.*

Thro' all changing scenes of earth,
From the feeble hour of birth,—
In our youth, and in our prime,—
In old age's waiting time,—

Victors in the latest strife,—
Waking then to fuller life,—
THEE we bless, and THEE we praise,
Loving SAVIOUR, *all the days.*

1882.

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN

On Receipt of a Book, "The Mystery of Pain," by
James Hinton

I THANK thee, Brother, for thy gift,
The "Mystery of Pain."
I trust that ill will end in good,
And loss be turn'd to gain.

For all the "Mystery of Pain"
Is known to Him above,
And He, the everlasting King
Is "Mystery of Love."

STRANGELY HE WORKS

Job, xxiii, 8-10.

STRANGELY He works, I cannot trace
His secret plan:
He hides it in some distant place
From poor, weak man.

Backward I look, or forward strain
My weary eyes:
To right: to left—but all in vain
No stars arise.

'Tis dark behind me: and before
Clouds ev'rywhere!
My sorrow seemeth almost more
Than I can bear.

But this of comfort have I still,
He knoweth well
The way I take: good is His will,
I'll not rebel.

For as the gold, thro' fire pass'd
Doth brighter shine;
And dull at first, comes out at last
Beauteous and fine,

So is the soul, which God hath tried,
No longer dim
With earthly ore, but purified
And fit for Him.

THE PENDULUM OF LIFE

SILENTLY swinging, swinging on,
Hither and thither as moments run,
Strangely thou preachest to everyone,
Pendulum swinging, swinging on.

Silently passing, passing on,
Glideth the time till life be done,
Never thou stayest for anyone,
Pendulum swinging, swinging on.

Patiently swinging, swinging on,
Where thou art set, thou doest thy part,
Bidding us keep a contented heart,
Pendulum swinging, swinging on.

Silently moved and moving on,
Whether we heed thee, or heed thec not,
Calmly thou seem'st to survey our lot,
Pendulum moving, moving on.

Oh! as we gaze at thee swinging on,
Grateful for mercies now in the past,
Hopeful for mercies ever to last,
May we on God all our burdens cast,
Pendulum swinging, swinging on.

LIGHT

Isaiah, xlii, 16.

GOD the cheering word has spoken,
 Word which never can be broken,
 Shining star-like, thro' the night;
I will make the darkness light.

Is thy sky o'ercast with gloom?
 Seems for radiance left no room?
 Thro' some rift hope darteth bright,
God will make the darkness light.

Doth some sorrow cast a shade?
 Art thou of some woe afraid?
 Soothe thy sorrow, quit thy fright;
God will make the darkness light.

Dark and dang'rous seems the path?
 Black with sin, and Satan's wrath?
 On thy side is Christ's own might;
God will make the darkness light.

LIGHT

Anxious is thy soul and vex'd?
Still with mystery perplex'd?
Seest naught to left or right?
God will make the darkness light.

Patiently pursue thy way,
Night still groweth into day;
And, on Zion's holy height,
God will make the darkness light.

“PEACE, PERFECT PEACE”

PEACE, perfect peace, is theirs who stay
 Themselves upon the Lord each day,
Who, 'mid earth's weariness and care,
 Breathe inwardly diviner air,
Imparting strength for all the way:

Strength in the midmost eager fray,
Strength when the mortal powers decay,
 Until Death brings, as angel fair,
 Peace, perfect peace.

What may not such souls do and dare?
Ready their Master's cross to bear,
 Knowing He will not say them nay,
 While in His love they watch and pray,
Hoping one day with Him to share
 Peace, perfect peace.

LITTLE THINGS

In Answer to a Letter

The Complaint.

“ LOTS of little things ”
 Like the flutterings
 Of mosquitoes’ wings
 Scare and bother me;
 I must do them, that I know,
 Yet there’s nothing much to show,
 While my hours seem to go
 Somewhat fruitlessly.

“ Lots of little things ”
 Full of fidgettings,
 Every morning brings
 Burdening my back;
 I must bear them, that I know,
 Yet there’s nothing much to show,
 No great issues seem to flow
 From the trivial track.

“ Lots of little things ”
 As of slender strings
 Causing murmurings
 Cumber all my life.

Nothing great seems ever done
No great victory ever won
Yet I cannot, must not shun
 This ignoble strife.

The Consolation.

Faithful be—then nothing's small,
Faithful to Thy Master's call,
Faithful be in little things,—
This a greatness o'er them flings—
 Faithful be!

Patient be—there's nothing lost
Even when thy will seems cross'd
Patient be in little things,
This a comfort o'er them flings—
 Patient be.

Cheerful be—if God's thy Friend,
Every trouble has its end:
Cheerful be in little things,
This a radiance o'er them flings—
 Cheerful be.

Faithful, patient, cheerful be!
Live thy whole life christianly,
Glorifying little things
Till the heavenly pæan rings,
 Victory!

“LEAD ME IN THE WAY EVERLASTING”

Psalm cxxxix.

“ **L**EAD me,” Lord, as on I fare
Thro’ the quickly fleeting years,
Saved from sin, and freed from fears,
Whilst on Thee I cast my care.

“Lead me in the way,” O Lord,
When I cannot understand;
What I need is Thine own Hand;
This can timely aid afford.

Led by Thee, I plant my feet
In the “everlasting” way;
Keep me that I may not stray,
Should I sore temptations meet.

Then whatever changes come
I will gladly go thro’ all,
Till I hear Thy final call
To the Everlasting Home.

LONGING FOR THE DAY

Isaiah, xxii, 11.

“WHAT of the night? O watchman say,
“ My heart is yearning for the day,
“ The gloom is great; grim forms affright
“ My sadden’d soul; I long for light
“ To pierce the darkness and dismay:
“ Seest thou some glint of gladd’ning ray?
“ Or must I in death-shadow stay,
“ Bereft of all that makes life bright?
“ What of the night?”

The watchman answers from his height,
“ The morning cometh, beauteous sight
“ For those who seek it: therefore pray,
“ And turn ye to the Lord alway;
“ So shall ye sing, in glory dight,
“ What of the night!”

THE PREACHER'S PRAYER

L ORD, when my heart is slow to feel,
And when my lips are slow to speak,
And yet my heart still Thee doth seek,
And yet my lips would Thee reveal;

Then send Thy gracious Spirit, Lord,
That He may my dull heart inspire,
And touch my lips with heavenly fire,
So shall I hear and speak Thy word.

And other hearts with love will glow,
And other lips Thy word proclaim,
So shall we glorify Thy Name,
And Heaven's light shine on Earth below.

WAITING

Psalm xxviii, 14.

WAITING Thy will, dear Lord!
That will of wisest love
Which rules us from above;
Whate'er that will may be,
It must be best for me;
O help me still
To wait Thy will.

Waiting Thy word, dear Lord!
With wish to hear and know,
So that the seed may grow,
And take in me deep root
And bring forth precious fruit;
O help me, Lord,
To wait Thy word!

WAITING

Waiting Thy time, dear Lord!
As knowing Thou dost plan
Beyond the ken of man,
What food each hour may bear
For all beneath Thy care;
Show me Thy way
To wait Thy day!

Waiting Thy call, dear Lord!
To live and work for Thee,
Or die, and come to Thee.
Whate'er the summons be,
It will be best for me;
Thou art my all,
I wait Thy call!

PARTINGS

"PARTINGS are over," with a sigh 'tis said,
Often as friend from friend is severèd;
The strain is past, there comes a strange relief,
Something of gladness mitigates our grief.

Partings are never over here below,
As this life hurries on we come and go,
Hither and thither; then we yield our breath,
And undergo the mystery of death.

Ah then! O blessed hope, which Christ has given,
We meet again in bliss which we call heaven;
"Partings are over" then, but meetings never,
We part to meet, nor part again for ever.

PRAYER AND PRAISE

ART thou troubled in thy life,
Sore beset by sin and strife?
Wearied, wounded, worn with care,
Tempted almost to despair?

Lift thy heart in prayer.

Does some foe or fear assail thee?
Does some wonted comfort fail thee?
Seems there none thy grief to share,
None that can thy burden bear?

Lift thy heart in prayer.

Prayer will bring a sure relief;
Prayer will soothe thee in thy grief;
Prayer will drive thy fears away;
Prayer will change thy night to day;
Lift thy heart and pray.

Then when gladness comes again,
When thy heart is free from pain,
When the sunshine's welcome rays
Greet thee in thy various ways,

Lift thy heart and praise.

When thou know'st thy sins forgiven,
When thou holdest hopes of heaven,
When, from care and sorrow free
Thou enjoy'st thy liberty,
 Do it thankfully.

Help us, Lord, in prayerful mood
Still to live, with gratitude;
Still to Thee our hearts upraise
Both in glad and mournful days;

Blending *Prayer* and *Praise*.

A PICTURE GALLERY

I PACED to-day by pictured walls,
And watch'd what painters' art might do
To blend the beautiful and true
In all that mortal man befalls.

Landscapes I saw, of wood and hill,
Of rocks and rivers, fields and trees,
Of tranquil glades, and stormy seas,
With nature's charms the eye to fill.

Portraits I saw, of varied kind
Of men and women, young and old,
Figures and faces manifold;
Some show'd off dress, and some show'd mind.

Scenes, too, of all that makes up life,
Historic deeds, and home-spun mirth,
Visions from heaven, haunts of earth,
Now peace and joy, now strain and strife.

Pathos and laughter, gloom and glee,
Here those that dance, there those that pray;
Solemn and sad, grotesque and gay,
In infinite variety.

Methought with all this diverse range
Of fact and fancy, thought and wit,
The thankful heart will find it fit
To raise itself, mid things that change,

To one who guides with wise control,
Beyond our best imagining,
Nature and man, the Eternal King,
Who claims our body, spirit, soul.

1889.

THE HAND AND THE MAP¹

I HAD a Friend whose *Hand* was guiding me,
A Friend who loved me well,
Able to save from each perplexity,
For He was wise and good exceedingly,
Far more than I could tell.

I had a *Map*, which purported to show
All windings of the way,
And details gave, which I was fain to know,
Longing to see to which place I should go,
And how, and on which day:

My path was often dark, nor could I trace
Much on the onward track;
Only one step! then would I slacken pace,
Think of my map, not of my Friend's dear face,
But He would call me back.

¹ "You will mostly find nothing clear but the next step. Yet your heart need not sink for that, a Saviour's hand to guide you is better than any map. I have found the times when I was longing for the map were just those when I was losing hold of the Hand."—PRENTISS.

“Loose not thy hold of me; I know the land,—
Thou know’st not what may hap,—
Trust in my love, I fully understand
Thy wants and weaknesses; keep hold; My Hand
Is better than thy map.”

PART II
SEASONS AND OCCASIONS

CHRISTMAS

I

HAIL! to the morn
When Christ was born,
To banish night,
And give us light,
 Light that shall grow and never die,
 Light of "the Dayspring from on high."

Hail! to the morn
When Christ was born,
To conquer sin,
And help us win
 Joy that shall grow and never die,
 Joy of "the Dayspring from on high."

Hail! to the morn
When Christ was born,
To give us scope
For boundless hope,
 Hope that shall grow and never die,
 Hope of "the Dayspring from on high."

Hail! to the morn
When Christ was born,
And from above
Brought endless love,

Love that shall grow and never die,
Love of "the Dayspring from on high."

Hail! blessed Christ!
Treasure unpriced!
Hope, Joy, and Love,
Come from above,

Light that will grow and never die,
Light of "the Dayspring from on high."

CHRISTMAS

II

TREES die, and flowers fade: the winter's snow
Hides the green fields from view;
But dreary though the scene may be below,
In heaven we see a sunny hue:
And as the church bells peal, with cheery chime
Their Christmas melody,
We joy that o'er all changes wrought by time,
Love rules eternally.

1886.

EPIPHANY

"We have seen his star and are come to worship him."

O LIGHT of life! O heavenly King!
 Led unto Thee, we fain would bring
 Such varied tribute as we may
 Of hearty service, and we pray
 That thou wilt take our offering:

Smile on us, as we humbly cling
 In rapture of blest worshipping,
 Low at thy feet from day to day,
 O Light of Life!

'Tis light, more light, we want alway;
 Send to us, Lord, the cheering ray
 That turns our winter into spring,
 And makes our hearts with joy to sing;
 Be thou our Star, our Strength, our Stay,
 O Light of Life!

GOD'S PEACE

(Collect for 2nd Sunday after Epiphany)

"**G**OD'S peace" amid the dreadful din of war;
 "God's peace" within the trusting heart;
 'Tis this we pray for, this we ever need;
 O gracious Spirit, this impart!

Years pass, and pass; th' appointed changes come;
 Soon will our earthly service cease;
 But come what may, in all the stress and strain
 Of stormy times, Christ's Voice says, "Peace."

"God's peace" we pray for, and in Christ Himself
 The answer comes, so sure, so sweet;
 And this, whate'er each passing year may bring,
 With tranquil confidence we meet.

"Grant us Thy Peace, O Lord," be this our pray'r,
 Thro' all the days of earthly strife,
 With steadfast hope of that "beyond the veil,"
 The "perfect peace" of heav'nly life.

Sydney, 1900.

GOOD FRIDAY

SAVIOUR, lifted up on high
 On the cross of Calvary,
 By the victory Thou didst win,
 Upward from the world of sin
 Draw me unto Thee!

Upward, Lord, to heaven's own light,
 Upward from the gloom of night,
 Upward from the realm of woe,
 From the snares of th' Evil Foe,
 Draw me unto Thee!

Draw me, Saviour, from the earth,
 Draw me from its short-lived mirth,
 Draw me from its vain turmoil,
 Feeble pleasures, fruitless toil,
 Draw me unto Thee!

Upward to Thyself on high
 Draw me, Saviour, or I die;
 Once in death uplifted, Thou
 High in glory sittest now,
 Draw me unto Thee!

Thou dost draw me, O my Lord,
Fain would I obey Thy word,
But my heart is very cold,
And, Lord, Satan still is bold,

Draw me unto Thee!

Saviour, let Thy wondrous love
All my love within me move,
Then still feed the sacred fire,
Burning brighter, leaping higher,

Till I come to Thee

A GOOD FRIDAY MEDITATION

On Suspense and Sorrow

DARK was that hour on Calvary's Hill
Which wrapt the earth in awful gloom;
There seem'd for hope and joy no room
And all the presage boded ill!

And yet we know how that dark hour
Was herald of the brightest light
That ever dawn'd on human sight,
Proving God's wondrous Love and Power.

The hope and joy of Easter tide
Has peace and comfort for us all;
Whate'er of care and sorrow fall
On us, in God we will confide.

EASTER DAY

CHRIST is risen! Death is conquer'd!
 (So the Easter greetings say,)
 Death and darkness are defeated,
 Life has victory to-day.

Pleasures pall? and sorrows haunt us?
 Pain and sickness foster grief?
 Ah! the joy that's set before us
 Gives us ever sweet relief.

Thro' the changing scenes we witness,
 Brighter shines the Saviour's love,
 In our life of imperfection
 Shaping us for life above.

Life is ours in rich abundance,
 Life in Christ our living Lord,
 Life, secured in wondrous fashion
 By His Spirit and His word.

Banish we, then, all our doubtings,
 Foolish fancies, faithless fears!
 Darkness flees! The tomb is empty!
 Everlasting life appears.

THE MORNING STAR

Rev. xxii, 16.

AS torn with doubt, and toss'd with pain I lay,
A gentle voice came to my heart one day,
Which seem'd to still the sorrows of my soul,
And make my sorely wounded spirit whole.

It was the voice of Jesus in His word,
A voice unheeded oft, tho' often heard;
It spake of power above a world of sin,
It spake of peace above a world of din,
It spake of hope beyond a world of death,
And, like God's primal vivifying breath
Infused, made me a living man again,
Strong, in God's might to conquer ill and pain;

And oft as sorrow, doubt or fear, assails,
That voice to comfort, and to calm, avails,
Which nigh me seems, yet from the Height afar
Proclaims, *I am the Bright and Morning Star.*

GOD'S "NEVER FAILING PROVIDENCE"

(Collect for 8th Sunday after Trinity)

GOD'S "never failing Providence,"
 That orders all things high and low,
 Thrills thro' the heart with gladd'ning glow,
 Our strength, our joy, our sure defence!

"It never faileth," blessed thought!
 Mid many changes, much distress,
 God meaneth still to guide and bless;
 With goodness all His acts are fraught.

"It never faileth," come what may
 Of sore perplexity or pain;
 God's ruling turns our loss to gain,
 And evil bends beneath His sway.

"It never faileth," day nor night,
 However dark the hour may be!
 Herein is our felicity,
 God's Providence sets all things right.

BAPTISM

“ Into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and
of the Holy Ghost.”

FATHER, this child we give to Thee,
Whom Thou to us hast given;
And pray Thee that her path on earth
May be the path to heaven.

To Thee, O Son of God most high—
Who didst to earth come down
To bear for us the bitter cross,
And win the heavenly crown,

We give this little one, and pray
That she may ever be,
In valiant fight, and faithful work,
True follower of Thee.

O Holy Spirit, Fount of life
And purifying power,
To Thee we give this child, and pray
That from this sacred hour,

All that is good may grow in her
All that is evil die,
Until the life on earth be chang'd
For perfect life on high.

O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Great God, whom we adore,
Receive this child, and in Thy name
Keep her for evermore.

Amen.

A WEDDING HYMN

“Heirs together of the grace of life.”

BLESS, Lord, to-day the plighted troth
 When hands and hearts unite,
 Seeking Thy benison divine,
 Thou source of love and light.

Bless, Lord, the bond of wedded bliss,
 When two are link'd in one,
 Yoked by thy grace for mutual help
 Till earthly life be done.

Bless, Lord, Thy children's onward path
 Whate'er that path may be;
 Thou art their Strength, their Aid, their Joy;
 Still lead them nearer Thee.

O Father, fount of purest love,
 On Thee our cares we cast;
 Bring us, thro' every chance and change,
 To Thine own Home at last.

A SILVER WEDDING

RING out, dear hearts, the silver bells
 Of grateful inward melody!
Years pass; love lasts; and all life tells
 A tale of mercy, tho' it be
Mingled with measured medicine of pain,
 To shape our souls for their eternal gain.

1888.

ASLEEP IN JESUS

I Thessalonians, iv, 14.

FREED from the body's feebleness,
 Freed from all painful weariness,
 Freed from the yoke of daily toil,
 Asleep, they rest,
 By Jesus blest.

And HE is with them, they with HIM,
 In visions of delight, tho' dim;
 They feel no pain, they have no fear,
 They dread no woe, they shed no tear;
 In sleep they rest
 With Jesus, blest.

And ever in their visions they
 Are stirr'd by hope of coming day,
 When glorious bodies they shall take,
 And in full vigour, joyful, wake;
 And thus they rest,
 In Jesus, blest.

O blessed sleep! O visions glad!
The thought of death need not be sad,
To those for whom it ends all strife
And is a stage to fuller life,

To those who rest
In Jesus, blest.

THE YEARS GLIDE ON

THE years glide on, and some perchance will say
 'Tis sad to see life slipping fast away:

The years glide on; our pleasures come and go,
 And some complain they're overtopp'd with woe:

The years glide on; and death draws nigh apace,
 And some will bid us shrink from his embrace;

The years glide on; a short, sad, finite thing
 Is this poor life; so earthly poets sing:

But what say I about the circling years,
 So strangely mingling for us smiles and tears?

The years glide on; and bring a nobler life,
 Where woes shall cease, and rest succeed to strife;

The years glide on; and death is but the door
 Which lets us through to "life for evermore:"

The years glide on; Christ lives, and with Him we,
 Life here is prelude to Eternity.

December 31, 1885.

January 1, 1886.

SPEED THE MESSAGE

TELL it out, the Lord is King:
Tell it out in accents clear,
Message meet for every land,
Message meant for every ear,
Light, and love, and life to bring;
Tell it out, the Lord is King!

Tell it out, 'tis God's desire
Written in His word of grace;
Message fit for human need,
Fit for every clime and place,
Light, and love, and life to bring;
Tell it out, the Lord is King!

Tell it out, proclaim the Christ,
Tell the message far and wide;
Doors are open, enter them;
Messengers be multiplied,
Light, and love, and life to bring;
Tell it out, the Lord is King!

SPEED THE MESSAGE

Everywhere the peoples yearn
For the mighty healing word;
Christians, speed the message forth,
Let it everywhere be heard,
Light, and love, and life to bring;
Tell it out, the Lord is King!

Spread the Gospel of the King,
Tell it out to all the earth,
You who have it in your heart,
You who know its boundless worth,
Light, and love, and life to bring;
Tell it out, the Lord is King!

A HYMN FOR QUEEN VICTORIA'S
JUBILEE, 1887

Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice
in time to come."

FIFTY years our QUEEN hath reign'd
Calling forth a love unfeign'd;
Nobly hath she honour worn,
Duty done, and sorrow borne,
Lift your hearts, then; raise a song
Grateful, jubilant, and strong;
Praise the Source of all good things,
Praise the Lord, the King of Kings.

Fifty years have pass'd since she,
Blending might with modesty,
Took the royal seat and name
Mid her people's loud acclaim;
Years have pass'd, and she hath stood
Faithful to her people's good;
Praise the Source of all good things,
Praise the Lord, the King of Kings.

Fifty years of royal state,
She hath kept inviolate
All the promise of her youth,
Firmness, purity, and truth;
So, in God's grace, we have seen
Good the woman, great the Queen;

Praise the Source of all good things,
Praise the Lord, the King of Kings.

Fifty years of wondrous change
Widen all her Empire's range,
Stretch the bounds of human ken,
Quicken intercourse of men,
While beneath her fostering rule
Flourish Realm, and Church, and School;

Praise the Source of all good things,
Praise the Lord, the King of Kings.

Fifty years have come and fled;
Holy memories of the dead,
Mingling with our festive glee,
Solemnize her jubilee,
Point to hopes beyond the earth
Point to life of better worth:

Praise the Source of all good things
Praise the Lord, the King of Kings.

THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII

AUGUST 9, 1902

O H! crowned Christ, who, set on high
At God's right hand in glory,
Guidest with ever gracious eye
Th' unfolding human story,
With mercy and with favour bless
Our double Coronation,
And let it be in faithfulness,
A holy consecration.

For King and Queen we humbly pray,
That they, in Christ abiding,
May exercise a righteous sway
O'er all the Realm presiding:
God guide our King, and keep him true,
To Faith's most sacred learning,
Amid life's windings holding clue,
Just, godly, and discerning.

Oh! Father, let Thy Spirit fill
All hearts with high desire,
That rulers and their people still
May feel the heaven-sent fire,
May leave each base and lower aim,
Thy kingly truth pursuing,
That all may glorify Thy name
In thinking and in doing!

Sydney, 1902.

PART III
FROM 1890



EARLY SPRING IN NEW SOUTH WALES

THE poplars are in bud,
The peach is on the bloom,
The coral trees with scarlet gleam
Blazon the winter's doom.

The willows, which were bare,
Now wave with tinge of green,
And ev'rywhere around my path
Tokens of spring are seen.

Farewell to cold and rain,
Farewell to cloud-clad skies,
The yellow wattle blossoms shine,
And hopes of spring arise.

'Tis true we have not here
Old England's May or June;
'Tis true our song birds cannot match
The thrush and blackbird's tune!

Yet birds, and flowers, and trees,
Have their own signs to show,
When winter merges into spring
And grass begins to grow.

Be thoughts of spring glad thoughts
Of hope and growth and life!
God give us grateful hearts, e'en tho'
The world with war is rife.

The seasons come and go,
Age after age is sped;
And by God's overruling love
Nature and man are led.

In Him all things are fair,
All changes work His will;
Winter relaxes into spring,
God's love is working still.

TO A VETERAN SOLDIER OF CHRIST

William Macquarie Cowper, Dean of Sydney.

WE greet thee, Veteran Warrior, to-day!—
 We greet thee with a grateful, glad acclaim—
 Who for Christ's truth, and not for wealth or
 fame,
 Hast battled on, where'er thy duty lay,
 Wise in the council, steadfast in the fray,
 Striving to guard from blemish and from blame
 The Church's honour, and the Christian name—
 Accept our welcome on thine onward way.

O faithful minister of God's "good news,"
 O courteous gentleman and loyal friend,
 Not one amongst us is there would refuse
 A meed to thee of heartfelt love and praise;
 All, all will join, the cordial prayer to raise,
 "*God give thee grace and peace unto the end.*"

July 3, 1895.

"GOD WILL CLEAR THE WAY"

A complaint cleared away.

"**A**LL seems trouble and worry and work,"
 Duties keep coming I may not shirk,
 Trials accumulate one on another,
 Seems as if life were nothing but bother!

But "God will clear the way" some day.

"All seems work and trouble and worry,"
 Everything mix'd and all in a hurry;
 Things get broken, and temper is tried,
 What we'd like most seems quite put aside,
 But "God will clear the way" some day!

"All seems work and worry and trouble,"
 Rest seems diminish'd, and labour seems double,
 Illness and weakness, and age bring us sorrow,
 And none of us knows what shall be on the morrow!

But "God will clear the way" some day!

Trouble and worry and work there must be,
 Yet right through them all my comfort I see,
 He who to succour us came from above,
 Tells us that God is Infinite Love,

And "God will clear the way" each day.

Sydney, 1896.

REST IN THE LORD

REST IN THE LORD: commit thy way
 To Him, whose wisdom, day by day,
 Rules all things lovingly and well;
 To Him thy joys and sorrows tell;
 Before Him all thy problems lay;
 For He will never say thee nay,
 When thou to Him wilt humbly pray;
 Fret not thyself; thy terrors quell;
 REST IN THE LORD!

Fears may arise, and foes be fell,
 Yet doubting thoughts do thou repel,
 God will be still thy strength and stay;
 Fret not thyself, come what come may,
 God's love o'erarches heaven and hell;
 REST IN THE LORD!

Jenolan Caves, N.S.W.

1899.

WITHIN AND OUTSIDE

IN open air and underground
 Wide Nature's wonders still are found;
 One day we enter mystic caves,
 Wherein a darkling river laves
 The silent hollowness below,
 Whilst upper grottoes, glittering, glow
 With shapes fantastic, fair, and fine,
 Where'er the light is shown to shine,
 And we, bewilder'd with delight
 Praise God for such a splendid sight.

Next day we view a gorge tremendous,
 Sheer sandstone walls, and depths stupendous,
 Rocks shining in the sunlight sheen,
 Mingling of colours grey, and green,
 Paths winding up and down, to guide
 The pilgrim by the mountain side;
 Then to a picnic tea we go
 To height above from deep below,
 And so with varied, fresh delight,
 Praise, for another splendid sight.

Expeditions to Jenolan Caves and Katoomba, Blue Mountains,
 N.S.W.

Katoomba, 1899.

GOD DETERMINES

Acts, iv, 28.

“**G**OD determines what shall be;”
 Is not this a blissful thought
 That, whatever happens, He
 Brings all evil unto naught?

Men may blindly rave and rage,
 Speak, or act, with cruel spite,
 Fierce and direful war may rage;
 God from wrong will fashion right.

Earthquakes topple towers down,
 Storm and drought sad havoc make,
 Every visage wears a frown,
 All foundations seem to shake!

“God determines what shall be,”
 Gracious is His purpose still,
 Through all clouds of mystery
 Even evil works His will.

Praise Him then, and trust His grace,
 Fear not what the years may bring;
 Through all range of time and space,
 “God determines;” He is King.

GOOD GUIDANCE

GOD is our Guide; He knows the way,
 Where we but feebly grope;
 He gives us hope,
 Each day.

God is our Guide; all must be well;
 And our life's every phase
 Shall still His praise
 Forth tell.

God is our Guide; recurring years
 Prove all His guidance good,
 And understood
 Our fears.

God is our Guide; He'll lead us on,
 By patient wisdom blest,
 “Until our rest
 Be won.”

Trust thy Good Guide, thro' all thy days;
 His Spirit never cease
 To grant thee peace
 Always!

AFFIRMATIVE FAITH

Job, xi, 27 with Ps. cxli, 9 (P.B.)

“YEA, Lord!” I do believe Thy power and love,
 “Thou art the Christ, the Son of God,” above,
 Who didst to earth come down,
 And born of woman, gav’st to human birth
 A sanctity of most momentous worth,
 Pledge of celestial crown!

“Yea, Lord!” I do believe Thy word of hope,
 Which will not let us lamentably grope
 Mid grave-clothes and the grave,
 But raiseth us from death, and all that dies,
 To “life indeed,” and home beyond the skies,
 O mighty One to save!

“Yea, Lord!” “mine eyes,” tho’ they be dim with tears,
 “Look unto Thee” to free my soul from fears,
 And make me brave and strong;
 Thou liftest souls from this world’s din and dust
 To higher, holier life; in Thee I trust,
 To Thee do I belong.

“Yea, Lord!” I do believe, and I would fain
In spite of feebleness my faith maintain,
Whate'er may come of grief;
Thou art the Lord of life, I know it well,
And I believe the truth which Thou dost tell;
“Lord, help my unbelief!”

“Yea, Lord!” for time and for eternity
Thro’ all the passing years, I trust in Thee,
And Thee my Saviour hail;
At Thy sweet voice all jarring discords cease,
The storm winds sink, and there is gladsome peace,
Thy word can never fail.

“HE MADE THE STARS ALSO”

O STARRY heights, described afar!
 O wondrous wealth of endless space!
 Beyond the power of man to trace,
 God only knows you as you are!

He stretch'd the heavens in His might;
 We gaze, and ponder, and admire
 Those distant orbs of scatter'd fire,
 Claiming our reverence, awe, delight.

A silent harmony of night
 Sounds thro' the gleaming of the skies;
 And to our lips old words arise,—
 “O praise Him, all ye stars of light.”

Their praise to Him is still to shine,
 As God hath placed them, large or small;
 Each interlink'd with each and all,
 By wisdom of the Hand Divine.

O starry canopy above,
 O'erarching us with mystery,
 We see in thee Infinity
 Of order'd Beauty, Law, and Love!

“GOD IS LIGHT AND IN HIM IS NO
DARKNESS AT ALL”

To a friend who had become blind.

GOD give thee light within, dear friend,
To shine in mind and heart,
Now that it is thy cross to feel
The light of day depart!

God give thee light in darkest hours
And make thy vision clear
To see diviner things, that spread
Shelter from every fear!

God give thee light! for He is Light
And sent His Christ to show
The path that leads to perfect joy
From darken'd scenes below.

God give thee light! may hope unshamed
And patient faith be thine!
May the good Comforter within
Illuminating shine!

God guide us all in various paths,
Where'er He deemeth right!
Though many days be dim and sad
“He maketh darkness light.”

“ALL OUR IDEALS”

‘T IS good to have high hopes, and high desires,
To plan reforms, lamenting all that’s wrong
And weak in our surroundings; to be strong
For betterment of all sorts; God inspires
Such aspirations; they are inward fires
Kindled by faith in Him, which makes us long
For victory complete and triumph song,
For Hallelujahs of celestial “quires”;
“All our ideals” soar upward, but the day
Of their fulfilment is not in our hands,
And we are call’d to work in patience still;
God’s Purpose ripens, tho’ it seem to stay;
What oft perplexes us, He understands,
Be ‘t ours to labour on: *HE will fulfil.*

Sydney, 1909.

“THOU SHALT REMEMBER THE LORD
THY GOD”

Deut. viii.

WHEN we our Lord, our God, forget,
We sow the seeds of sad regret,
And never gain true wealth,
Or health.

But when we mindful are to serve,
Nor from His goodly precepts swerve,
He gives us all we need
Indeed.

“We do not live alone by bread,”
But by almighty wisdom led,
Are strengthen’d to fulfil
His will.

He leads us thro’ the wilderness,
Nor doth His mercy fail to bless:
What gives the Promised Land?
His Hand.

*Remember, then, the Lord thy God,
Find comfort in His "staff and rod;"*

*To Him you do belong;
Be strong.*

*Remember how His wondrous Love
Was manifested from above;*

*What frees from harm and loss?
*Christ's Cross.**

1901.

FUGA VITÆ

DEAR daughter, what a “fugue” is, you can tell
 And play one too, and play it well;
 A theme with many voices, (is it not?)
 In which the keynote’s ne’er forgot;
 Varied the setting, but the stream will run
 Until the “climax” comes, and all is done.

“Tonic,” and “Dominant,” and “Episode,”
 Work out the theme with varying mode;
 Reiterations sequent swell the song
 That rushes rapidly along;
 And, thro’ the changes, still persists the theme;
 Many the currents, and yet one the stream.

Dear daughter, in the “fugue” of life,
 Sing on, sing on, amidst the strife,
 Thy “tonic,” Truth, to keep thee fix’d yet free,
 Whatever “episodes” may be,
 And Love thy “dominant” (Truth’s comrade dear)
 To rule thy varied movements, far or near!

Life hurries on, and in it we repeat
 Experience, or sad or sweet,
While to the “climax” still we wend our way,
 Leaning on Him, who is our stay,
Who calls out music in us, and has given
 Earth for awhile, and for “finale,” Heaven.

1901.

FROM A MINISTER OF CHRIST

To a "beloved physician."

THE "Good Physician" is a type
Of what we too should strive to be;
To go about, and help, and heal,
And succour those in misery.

O friend, whom all my kinsfolk praise,
Thou bear'st the gracious Christ in mind,
Ready and prompt with sympathy
A doctor careful, skill'd and kind.

I thank thee for thy services,
And pray that thou may'st still be blest
In all thy goings in, and out,
Till, after toil, God gives us rest.

The lands and sea divide us far;
In Christ we may united be,
And strive to take a humble share
In His most gracious Ministry.

GROWING OLDER

WHAT shall we say, as years pass on, and bring
A touch at times of weary diffidence,
When we no longer can maintain pretence
Of being strong as once we were,—or sing
As once we did,—or move with youthful swing
Along life's pathway? shall we take offence,
And murmur 'gainst "the ways of Providence,"
And sigh for close of earthly wandering?

Nay! for our strength and joy fade not *within*;
The body weakens, but the spirit lives;
From strength to strength we go, and gladlier feel
How, in the warfare which we wage with sin,
Our God the needed grace and guidance gives,
Until *the Perfect Life* He shall reveal.

BITTERNESS FOR PEACE

Isaiah, xxxviii, 17

BLAME not the “bitterness” in life that seems
 To mar the happiness of mortal man;
 For laws of lasting joy, beyond our ken,
 Are minister'd by Him who justly deems
 What men require: His goodness brightly beams
 Behind the cloudiest skies we see, and when
 He chooses, lo! lights up the gloomiest den
 With visions glorious, and heav'nward dreams.

Behold, “*for Peace is all the Bitterness*”;
 God humbles to exalt, and wounds to heal;
 Let us not murmur, nor despond, but feel
 That His design is evermore to bless;
 Christ lifts each trusting soul from out the grave,
 Bidding us all be patient, cheerful, brave.

Sydney, 1902.

A LIFE ATTUNED TO GOD

TUNE Thou my life, and let its *discords* be,
 By Thy good grace, resolved in *harmony*,
 Such as may sound Thy praises still,
 And be in concert with Thy will:

Tune Thou my life, and let Thy spirit play
 On every thought and feeling day by day,
 Making of me an Instrument
 Touch'd by Thy Fingers, well content:

Tune Thou my life, and if some string should break
 By sudden chance, as I my journey take,
 Give me at once a new supply
 From Thy full treasury on high:

Tune Thou my life, and let me use for Thee
 "All kinds of music," song, and chant, and glee,
 That each contributory chord
 May swell "the music of the LORD:"

Tune Thou my life, and let me meekly bow
 To Thy wise guidance, (Gracious Master, Thou!)
 So shall my days give glad acclaim
 To spread the glories of Thy name.

Tune Thou my life to wider issues yet,
Whereof we now but scanty glimpses get,
Till, ripen'd by Thy constant Love,
We join the glorious Choir above!

1902.

"HE KNOWETH THE WAY THAT I TAKE"

"**H**E knoweth" each of all the paths we take,
And whatsoe'er, in each, may us befall;
He can our restless spirits tranquil make;
Our Heavenly Father "knoweth" all.

Far from each other we may be, or near,
But none of us can be beyond His call;
We lift our mutual prayers; our God will hear;
Our Heavenly Father "knoweth" all.

We go our several ways, and His wise love
Is ever over us; let naught appal!
Each pathway leads to perfect bliss;
Our Heavenly Father "knoweth" all.

“TO COME OF AGE”

“**T**O come of age” points back, and on;
 Our eyes are dim with mystery,
 Shadow’d with fears of what may be,
 And memories of childhood gone!

“To come of age” stirs thought within
 Of life expanding, and we dream
 Visions of mingling gloom and gleam,
 A strife ’twixt righteousness, and sin.

We want to know so many things,
 We want more knowledge and more light;
 We wish henceforth to walk aright;
 We’re full of endless questionings.

Yet all our future may be faced
 With trust in God, who works our good,
 By acts not always understood,
 But always well and wisely placed.

Our former blessings call for praise,
 And hope looks on for further store;
 For He will bless who bless’d before,
 And guide and guard us all our days.

“BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL, AND
FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS”

LORD, let me not forget the constant love,
Wherewith Thou dost my opening path sur-
round,

With loving-kindness all my days are crown'd,
And benefits are shower'd from above:

Thou gav'st; Thou givest yet,
Lord, let me not forget!

Pardon for all my sins; a life redeem'd;
Healing for sicknesses; in sorrow, peace;
The hope of future joys that never cease;
Such mercies may not lightly be esteem'd:

Thou gav'st; Thou givest yet;
Lord, let me not forget!

A heavenly Father's pity, kind and wise,
For frail and feeble children of the dust
Thou daily show'st, all merciful and just;
Thy countless benefits I fain would prize;

Thou gav'st; Thou givest yet;
Lord, let me not forget!

124 "BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL"

The years glide on; Thy mercy still the same
Abides, for those that fear Thee, does not change,
Has "unto children's children" widest range;
Let all within me bless Thy Holy Name!

Thou gav'st; Thou givest yet,
Lord, let me not forget!

Man's mortal days are like the short-lived grass,
Like fading flowers, which bud, and bloom, and die;
But Thou hast given us Immortality,
We live in Thee; the earthly days may pass:

Thou gav'st; Thou givest yet;
Lord, let me not forget!

"THOU SHALT UNDERSTAND HERE-AFTER"

In a dark room they work'd; and each had part
Of an extensive broidery of lace
Whereon to ply their busy hands apace,
And on each portion one bright ray did dart,
To guide the worker; yet the master's art
Alone avail'd throughout the darken'd place,
To blend into a finish'd feat of grace
The separate workmanships of hand and heart:

It is a parable of life; the room
Is God's great world, wherein we sit and ply
A wondrous pattern on a complex loom,
A small part only reach'd by any eye:
Yet God adjusts the little each can do;
He sees the whole: *one day we'll see it too.*

WHY?

“What I do,” said the Christ, “thou knowest not now,
but thou shalt know hereafter.”

“**W**HY is it thus?” we sometimes say,
Perplex’d, and wearied on our way,
When trials come apace, and night
O’erclouds a scene that once was bright
And makes those sad, who once were gay;
We pause, we ponder and we pray,
But still that thought will with us stay
While tears flow down, and blur our sight;
 “Why is it thus?”

Ah! let not woes our heart affright;
God knoweth all, and ruleth right;
We know not now; there comes a day,
When mind and heart will never stray,
Nor need to ask, in any plight,
 “Why is it thus?”

HOPEFULNESS

“ **T**HE mist will clear,” tho’ thick the haze
 That hampers now thine eager gaze,
 As, from some hill top looking round,
 Their eyes, as ’twere, by bondage bound,
 Pilgrims feel blinded in their ways,
 Yet patiently their prayers they raise;
 A God-sent hope their fear allays,
 An inward voice they hear resound;
 “ The mist will clear.”

So doubt thou not, there shall be found
 An “ open’d” way from off dark ground,
 And from thy wearied soul’s amaze
 Thou shalt awake to songs of praise;
 All life with brightness shall be crown’d;
 “ The mist will clear.”

Alverstone, Tasmania.

ON THE BIRTH OF MY GRANDSON

A NOTHER gift from God's good treasure store,
Another launching of a human soul
On stormy waves that round and round us roll;
An added link to chain of lives before.
The chain of history growing more and more,
Another call for guidance and control,
To point the path unto the heavenly Goal,
And teach "a child of God" upward to soar.

Such is our darling newly born, and we
For father, mother, son, our prayer uplift,
And praise our God for this so gracious gift,
Who holds the keys of each life's mystery,
Alpha and Omega, Great Lord of all,
Saviour from death, our Stay whate'er befall.

TO MY GRANDSON

On the first anniversary of his birth.

THOU art a little *Bud*, my grandson dear,
TA possibility of larger life
 Is hid within thee—Shall we hope or fear
 Thinking of what may come of din and strife?

We'll hope for *Blossom*, and for goodly *Fruit*,
 A growth of healthy "actuality,"
 In such surroundings as may fitly suit
 To nourish all the heavenly life in thee.

May that life ripen, (tho' we parents know
 How much may hinder and impede the growth
 Of what is good): May God His grace bestow,
 And still protect thy soul and body, both!

"From strength to strength," thro' every turn and
 change,
 May Jesus "lead thee on," until one day
 In Home and City set beyond the range
 Of sin and death we meet. For this I pray.

1905.

FROM HOME TO HOME

WELCOME

“FROM Home to Home” she went, and came;
and we
With waving Welcome hail’d her lovingly.
From Home to Home on earth, o’er sea and land
How wand’ring kinsfolk roam, a scatter’d band!
And as life lengthens, joys with sorrows blending,
We wonder where we’ll meet, and when the ending!
But there’s a Home, to which our pathways lead,
Which, for us all, will be a Home indeed:
Our God who guides us knows the journey’s plan
Which mortal eyes can never rightly scan:
He leads us onward thro’ appointed ways,
And promises His Presence “all the days:”
Then fare we on, with mutual help and love,
From changing Homes to that blest Home above!
Whate’er may come of toil and pilgrimage,
The “Father’s House” is our sure heritage!
From Home to Home we move, and trials past,
We all shall meet again “Safe Home” at last.

TRANQUILLITY

(See Collect for 21st Sunday after Trinity.)

“To my dear friend and brother,” George Henry Stanton,
Bishop of Newcastle, N.S.W.

TRANQUILLITY to thee, dear friend,
 May God from highest heaven send,
 That thus, in spite of strain and stress
 From weaken'd body's weariness,
 Thy mind may on His grace depend
 Who guides thee thro' the wilderness,
 And will His people always bless
 And graciously to them extend
 Tranquillity.

Naught from His care can ever rend
 The trusting heart. He will defend
 E'en in the utmost helplessness,
 When doubts and fears upon thee press,
 And perfect for thee in the end
 Tranquillity.

FORWARD

IT is a troubled sea, and wind-beat waves
 Dash noisily against our vessel's side;
 And yet the ship fares onward—boldly braves
 The foaming waters—is not terrified.

A parable for us, when tranquil days are o'er,
 And seasons come of sorrow and of strife;
 And yet we onward move to that bright shore
 Where, safe in port, we reach the peaceful life.

Christ guides the vessel, though we see no Form
 Of Him who walk'd the waves of Galilee;
 He knows the way we go, and rules the storm,
 His Presence cheers us, both on land and sea.

So let us trust Him, as our years go by,
 E'en though thro' mist and spray our eyes be dim;
 He leads us to the long'd-for Home on high,
 We'll speed each other on with thoughts of Him.

“THEIR SKY THEY CHANGE, BUT NOT
 THEIR MIND WHO RUN ACROSS
 THE SEA”

NOR space nor distance can divide
 The souls that love each other well,
 For real love does not sink and swell
 With every ebb and flow of tide.

Deep waters cannot quench its light,
 Nor earth-born barriers shut it out,
 Whate'er life's changes bring about,
 It lives and glows, for ever bright.

Changes to both of us have come;
 We who were near now sit apart;
 But sympathy of mind and heart
 Dwells in both North and Southern “Home.”

The tie that sweetly links us fast,
 Wherever in the world we go,
 Is “fellowship with God”; this know,
 And blest is Future, Present, Past.

We travel to and fro: the range
Of journeyings is wide and far,
From Southern Cross to North Pole-Star,
But love like ours can never change.

God guide us o'er life's troublous Sea,
Whate'er befall of stress and strain,
Till by God's grace we safely gain
The Haven where we wish to be.

1906.

GOD RULES AND LOVES

YES! 'tis a strong sweet thought,
 With endless comfort fraught,
 That o'er all changes and removes,
 God rules, and loves.

His Providence is wise,
 Whatever we devise;
 He uses *all* things as His tools,
 God loves, and rules.

All nations are His care;
 All souls His pity share;
 He shapes each life in His own Schools;
 He loves, and rules.

Our plans oft meet a hitch;
 God's blessing makes us rich;
 He turns dry places into pools;
 He loves and rules.

Then come to us what may,
 Let's trust God day by day,
 Sure that through changes and removes
 God rules, and loves.

A VOYAGE

Thoughts for a birthday.

WE ponder, voyaging from shore to shore,
 On weather,—distances,—and ports of call;
 Topics of talk are there, yet, thro' them all,
 And underneath each thing that we explore,
 The Hope, which brightens for us more and more,
 Is Hope of Home (whatever may befall
 In journeyings thither, great or small,)
 And joining loved ones, left by us before:

Emblem of life, its passing days and years!
 We voyage onward; varied are the scenes;
 Some days are calm, and others tempest-toss'd,—
 But Hope still brightens joys, and conquers fears;
 Our Captain, Christ, our chart His word; which
 means
 Fulness of joy, when this world's waves are cross'd!

On board R.M.S. Orotava, 1908.

“OUR SHIP FARES ON”

A rondeau composed in the Indian Ocean.

OUR ship fares on, from Sea to Sea,
 Towards the port where we would be;
 Tranquil, at times, the wind and wave,
 Or dashing billows rage and rave,
 Yet on we move continually,
 Trusting that what we only crave
 May find fulfilment when we have
 The joy of long'd-for liberty;
 Our ship fares on.

So, thro' life's mutability,
 We travel, sometimes tranquilly,
 And then, perhaps toss'd about but brave
 With hope that He will guide and save,
 Who leads us to Eternity;
 Our ship fares on.

“WHICH WAY?”

OUR prayers are offer'd, and we're sure
 Answer of good will come,
 But which way God will choose to give
 His answer?—we are dumb.

Lord, let Thine answer cheer our hearts,
 Whate'er that answer be;
 The “yea,” or “nay,” is in Thine hands
 We leave it all to Thee!

Which way? we ponder, in suspense,
 But sure Thy will is best,
 For Thy great love is strong, and wise,
 And in that love we rest.

Which way? We ask, but leave to God
 All that is future yet;
 He promises to guide and help,
 And He will not forget.

Submissive to Thy will, we pray;
 The answer comes from Thee,
 Rich with some blessing from Thy Throne,
 Whatever it may be.

BEWILDERED

THE scene is shadow'd o'er with mist and clouds,
We cannot clearly trace our way,
Our hearts with sore anxiety are bow'd,
O! for some light of day.

Illumine, Lord, our minds; Thy sunshine send
Into our darken'd path, that so
We may, unfaltering, trust Thee to the end,
And by Thee guided go.

O lead us, Lord, and by Thy Spirit still
Inspire, strengthen, and sustain,
That we may know, and do, Thy Holy Will,
Nor ever walk in vain.

London, 1908.

ANGELS

“Composed before sunrise on the ‘Ortona’s’ boat-deck as we were nearing Port Said, October 1, 1908.”

THE “Messengers of God,” a countless host,
 Are everywhere dispersed to do His Will;
 In heaven, on earth, o'er land and sea, they still
 Ply their appointed tasks, nor think to boast
 Of what they do themselves, then gladden'd most
 When thro' their hearts there runs the grateful thrill
 Of being used, and fitted to fulfil
 Their King's commands, each at his given post:

Ah! God, we fain would be Thine “Angels,” sent
 To minister Thy mercy here below,
 Strong in Thy strength, and humbly confident
 That Thou wilt use us wheresoe'er we go,
 Thy Messengers, to succour, and to aid,
 The souls, which Thou, Lord, for Thyself hast made.

HOW TO SPIN LIFE'S THREADS

On words quoted from a calendar.

“**S**PIN carefully,” my Soul! to thee ’tis given
To work for God, preparing earth for heaven:
The work is difficult, and delicate,
Nor may thy diligence or skill abate;
A watchful eye, and ready hand are needed
So let this precept evermore be heeded,
“ Spin carefully!”

“Spin prayerfully,” my Soul! self-trust disown,
For power and patience come from God alone;
If thou wouldest be successful, pray thou must,
Apart from God, thou dwellest in the dust;
But He can lift thy weakness into strength,
And give thee wish’d-for victory at length,
“ Spin prayerfully!”

"But leave the thread with God," that thou may'st
weave

After His will, and not thyself deceive;
He knows the pattern which He will require,
And, shaping thee, will fill thy heart's desire;
Be docile in His hands; let Him decide
How thou shalt work, and seek no other guide,
 " But leave the thread with God."

Blackheath, New South Wales, 1909.

WHILE YEARS GO ON

WHILE years go on, nor can we say
What each may bring or take away,
Teach me, O Lord, to trust Thee still,
And yield me to Thy gracious will,
Nor ever from Thy precepts stray;
Be Thou my constant Strength and Stay,
My Shield to guard me every day,
From dangers that would work me ill,
While years go on.

Thy purposes of grace fulfil,
Thy wisdom cure my lack of skill,
And through earth's turmoil and affray,
Send out Thy light, and truth, I pray,
To lead me to Thy Holy Hill,
While years go on.

A FAREWELL MESSAGE

On leaving England, September, 1908.

Farewell!
Good be with ye!
À Dieu!

“FAREWELL!” we say,—and weep
In heart, if not with eyes,—

Then go our several ways, or smooth or steep,
Scarce knowing where our destin’d pathway lies.

“Good-bye!” we say and feel
A thrill of grief within
Letting a melancholy o’er us steal
With mournful memories of what *has been*.

“Adieu!” we say with hands
That grasp, and lips that kiss,
And some are left, and some to distant lands
Voyage; and all, who part, each other miss.

Yet let us not forget
To read the words anew;
We’ll find therein both prayer and blessing set,—
Those parting words—*Farewell! Good-bye! À Dieu!*

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